A Jack O Lantern Patch

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A Jack O Lantern Patch

by Nicestofthedamned

Summary

Hannibal planned a relaxing evening for Will. Will is a little loopy from the medication Hannibal gives him until sleep takes him anyway.

Notes

The world is upsetting, and Halloween makes me happy. I am writing an entirely different Halloween thing. This was going to be a short drabble, but then it became longer.

Will strolled into the bedroom to find it brilliantly lit with an incredibly large number of Jack O Lanterns. The lit-up pumpkins warmed the room as well. The blended scents of licorice and cinnamon greeted his nose. He couldn't believe how many Jack O Lanterns, his dramatic husband had carved, but they were on every surface of their bedroom, except for their bed. Hannibal had lined the chest at the foot of their bed, though. In front of the chest were four pumpkins expertly carved to display the four horsemen of the apocalypse. Will scoffed and shook his head at the skill Hannibal had shown. This display made it clear to Will that Hannibal had enjoyed his time carving pumpkins. It was like a pumpkin patch crossed with a murder tableau. Instead of human corpses, he had skinned, gutted, and sliced the flesh of the squash.

The myriad of shadows that came from the various lanterns flickered on the walls of their room. The yellow shapes danced across Hannibal's face. He sat in the center of the bed in a white sleeveless undershirt, and black silk pants. His warm dark eyes radiated, and all Will could think about was how he was too exhausted for a five-course romp tonight.

Hannibal sat silent and watched Will's blue eyes twinkle in the candlelight as he took in the sight of his work.

"So does this mean that you're a fan of pumpkin art? Or did you buy up all of the pumpkins so that there would be none for us to do together?" Will quipped.

"I enjoyed carving them. I also enjoyed baking us mini pumpkin pies. " Hannibal replied.

Will looked and saw Hannibal had a silver serving tray with two small brownish orange pies and silverware. On the side of each plate, Hannibal had placed orange and black striped napkins with a silver skull napkin ring. Will broke out into a warm smile and climbed into bed to sit on top of the comforter to join Hannibal.

Hannibal shifted and looked over at Will's form in the white undershirt, and his grey boxers. When the candlelight hit just right, Hannibal could see the ghosts that haunted Will's mind drifting across his face as he shook them off for the night. Well, it would be nice if they were away for the night.

"You've had an intense week, darling. I put a little something in your pie to help you relax. I'm going to feed it to you, and then you will lie down and get some much-needed sleep. " Hannibal's tone was assertive, not quite stern. He didn't expect Will to protest, but he was prepared to insist if need be. The less sleep Will got, the more susceptible he was to the nightmares when he was granted dreams.

"Yes, Doctor." Will smiled, and Hannibal returned the goofy love-stricken expression back. Hannibal's smile brought laughter from Will. Hannibal cut into the pie and then pulled the bite off. Will opened his mouth with his eyes locked on Hannibal's eyes. Feeding Will was one of his greatest pleasures. It was even better when he was able to hand feed his darling. Will reached for the other pie and cut into it to get a piece for his love.

"No edible relaxation in your pie, Dr.Lecter?" Will teased.

"Not tonight, Will," Hannibal answered.

Once the mini pie pans were left with nothing but crumbs, Hannibal carried the serving tray down to the kitchen. While he was gone, Will got up to pull the blankets down and slide into the bed. Hannibal looked in and saw Will curled up under the sheets. He went to him and coaxed him to let Hannibal remove his shirt and boxers. Will could hear Hannibal's clothing rustling as he undressed before climbing into the big spoon slot behind Will. Will sighed softly, relieved at the warmth he felt when their bodies pressed together, two interlocking pieces.

Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will to caress his face while he moved his right arm to cradle Will's neck and head. Will's eyelids drooped almost immediately. The after flickers of the Jack O Lantern shadows trickled across his closed eyelids. The scented heat seemed to kiss his exposed skin. Hannibal was tenderly dropping kisses on every part of Will's skin that he could manage to get his lips on.

Their bedroom grew darker, as some of the candles that had been lit first were burning out. When they did, small puffs of smoke spilled out of the carved designs. Will brought up his hand to hold onto Hannibal's forearm. He noticed that he felt dreamy, but he was reasonably sure that he had not slipped into slumber yet. Hannibal's fingers felt like ribbons rolling over his skin. He lifted his hand from his arm and touched his lips. His pink lips were hot. The sensation caused him to dart his tongue out and run it over his lips to cool them. Then he traveled up his face to find his forehead was frigid. Will pressed the inside of his wrist to his forehead and swooned while lying down.

"Are you uncomfortable, my heart?" Hannibal whispered.

Will leans back into the sound.

"I'm fine." Will yawned.

"Actually, Hannibal?" Will asked, with a drowsy tone to his soft voice.

"Yes?"

"Would you rub my back with your chest? It will feel like I have a werewolf protecting me from the nightmares. " Will said, and his words dissolve into giggles. His lips pull with their shared smile, and Will can see it in his mind's eye, projected from memory. "You're beautiful, you know."

Hannibal stilled at the words. Only his mongoose could see the beauty in him, and only his mongoose would wear his monster on his back in the night, to tear the nightmare creatures apart, should they appear.

Hannibal swallowed hard, and then he moved slowly to tickle Will's back with the soft down hair covering his broad chest. Will took in a deep breath, relishing the feeling of his hairy chest rubbing against his back.

"You would rend their flesh from their bones, wouldn't you, Wolfie?" Will nudged back into the light grey fur that covered the wolf's body. The Stagman was taking the night off. The moon was full, and the air was crisp, and Will needed to be held in a lupine embrace. Behind his eyes, he saw Hannibal as a shapeshifter that had gone into full wolf mode. A large wolf, the size of his husband, and complete man to wolf transformation had taken place. Hannibal lies inside of the heart of the beast, two have become three tonight.

Will absent-mindedly tugged on his semi flaccid cock. He was set on sleep when he came to bed, but now that he is skin to fur with his monster, Will wants to play. Sleep snaps into him, and he drops his hand on the mattress. Hannibal slows his motions to a stop, and then he holds himself still, to not wake up his sleeping beauty. Will's hand twitches, and he resumes his sleepy masturbation. Hannibal drags his fingertips over Will's stroking arm and enjoys the vision before him.

"Wolfie," Will pouted out and jerked a bit quicker. Hannibal was fascinated. Will's cock filled out completely. He flicked his wrist with a most erotic grunt on each downstroke. Will hissed, and Hannibal smelled the precome as it left his swollen cock. The monster gnashed his teeth, and Hannibal felt Will's neck between the shared fangs. Will let out a rolling moan and erupted into orgasm. His body convulsed against Hannibal's, and he spat onto his cheek in the process. Hannibal leaned in to lick the saliva from his stubbled cheek. He then crawled over Will's body and lapped at the load that Will had released. Once he was only tasting the familiar taste of Will's skin, Hannibal nuzzled into Will's balls and sniffed them. Sniffing led to licking, and Hannibal glutted himself on the feeling of tasting Will in his most private of places.

Hannibal crawled back over and wrapped his body again to hold Will. Hannibal kissed his throat, and then their lips smashed in a lazy, messy kiss.

"I love you, Will Graham."

"I love you, Hannibal Wolfie Lecter," Will laughed and pushed back into the fur again. Hannibal gripped Will's shoulder gently, just enough to let Will feel the tips of his fangs. Or, he would have felt them, had he still been awake. Will's faint tiny snores filled the room. Hannibal pulled himself from the bed to extinguish the candles. The full light of the moon spilled in through the windows. Hannibal joined Will, in the bed, and in sleep.

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